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*The All Highest Goes to
Jerusalem*

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THE ONE-MAN BAND OF EUROPE

The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem

*Being the Diary of the German
Emperor's Journey to the Holy
Land*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

Frank Alvah Dearborn



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Introduction

L *E RIRE* (The Laugh) of Paris is to France what *Punch* is to England and *Life* to the United States. Soon after the Emperor of Germany's journey to Constantinople and the Holy Land, nearly twenty years ago, the whole French nation was convulsed over an issue of *Le Rire* which purported to reveal the private travel notes of the Kaiser on what he termed his *divine mission*. The explanations upon the title page of *Le Rire*, as originally published, were as follows:

TOUR OF WILLIAM THE II—15
DAYS IN TURKEY, PALESTINE,
JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY
LAND.

In view of the demand of the itinerary only a single performance will be given in each locality.

Soldiers will be admitted for half price.

***THIS NUMBER IS PROHIBITED
IN GERMANY.***

As France and Germany were at this time theoretically at peace, a mild attempt was

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made by the French Government to suppress the issue; but every one secured a copy and the laugh was general at the Kaiser's expense. The witty author wrote with a prophetic vision. He might well have written yesterday. We now see the fruits of His Majesty's intrigue with the Sultan and his pompous entrance into the Holy Land. The taking of Jerusalem by British forces has a significance for the Christian world which can hardly be overestimated and at this juncture the publication of this shrewd jest would seem to be particularly opportune.

In these times of stress, a little relaxation may not be amiss, and in that spirit, this translation of *Le Rire* is published.

FRANK ALVAH DEARBORN.

The All Highest

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*The All Highest Goes to
Jerusalem*



The All Highest Goes to Jerusalem

LE RIRE offers to its readers to-day, the impressions of this trip to the Orient of Emperor William II; these impressions were written by the august traveller himself. This is how we procured them; the Emperor wrote every evening the recital of the day's events upon the leaves of a little note book which never left him. On retiring at night William II placed this note book under his bolster; on rising he placed it (the note book, not the bolster, let it be understood) in the left pocket of his coat.

Wednesday, at the moment when the Emperor had just fallen asleep one of our men stole the note book and brought it away. In less time than it takes to tell it, we photographed the written pages which we here transcribe; and, a few moments afterward, the secret document was replaced under the head of the sleeping Sovereign. One sees how simple it was! Only the matter had to be thought out.

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We have accomplished the greatest stroke of reporting that has been seen for a long time. We add to the secret notes of His Majesty, a great musical composition which he composed and offered to the Sultan, as well as to the other Sovereigns of Europe, besides the triumphal march that he wrote for his entrance into Jerusalem.

October 15. I have always loved to travel; in spite of the fact that one is an Emperor, it teaches you many things of which you are ignorant. The Orient especially attracts me and I would like to lead there a peaceful crusade; all the Sovereigns of any consequence have gone there from their journey into Asia Minor.

It is not that I profess great sympathy for the Christians of Syria. I hold them, if I dare to say so, in slight esteem. But the mission which I have received from the King of Kings leads me to the banks of the Jordan; and then Pierre Loti asserts that it is necessary to see the Jordan; now I have confidence in Pierre Loti who was a soldier.

Only I am not used to travelling! There

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are lots of troublesome preparations; time-tables must be consulted and railroad connections determined. Hotel rooms must be engaged, commissioners, carriages and camels secured; too many complications! I would have given up the trip if I had not received a call from Mr. Thomas Cook, a fine man, who, like all the English, knows how to travel.

Mr. Cook asked me for an audience and said:

"Sire, I hear that Your Majesty is embarrassed?"

"Sir," said I haughtily, "the Emperor of Germany is never embarrassed. Nevertheless continue."

"You would like to go to Palestine?"

"Certainly."

"And you do not know how to arrange it?"

"True."

"Very well, I, Thomas Cook, will take you there—and for *nothing*."

Any one else would have exclaimed. I responded only with a smile. "Mr. Cook, what do you take for your nerve?"

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"But—you refuse?"

"Rather, I am of age; no one puts anything over on me. You are going to offer tours at reduced prices and you will take along thousands of tourists in my wake; that will bring you in a handsome profit in the end. Let us divide."

"However, Sire, I assure you that I shall lose money. . . ."

"We will divide, fifty-fifty, or nothing doing; I have nickeled spurs; half the amount upon leaving, the other half at Jerusalem. What do you say?"

"Agreed."

"And this arrangement includes my retinue gratis. In fact, you charge yourself with everything!"

Mr. Cook accepted; a few days later, he issued the prospectuses, quite well written; they insisted upon my divine mission and upon the mystic character of the tour which would take me into the most celebrated places in Palestine; they ended with these words: "Every day His Majesty, William II, will put on *a new and entirely different costume*. The accessories, decorations, etc.



THE DEPARTURE
(Uniform of Head Conductor)

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will also be renewed according to the circumstances." I found that they had exaggerated somewhat.

October 17. I have packed my trunks. I am ready.

October 18. This morning an employee of the Cook firm came to awaken me. I dressed myself; costume very simple of Chief Controller of railways; they led me to the train which is the first of fifty trains that start to-day with my retinue and the tourists. I gave the signal for departure myself by blowing into a little order-trumpet. The train starts. I climb aboard and install myself in the compartment for *Sovereigns only*.

I take out this note book in order to write my impressions.

What do I feel?

Nothing.

October 19. Arrived at Venice. My cousin Humbert (Humberto) was waiting to receive me as I passed through the city.

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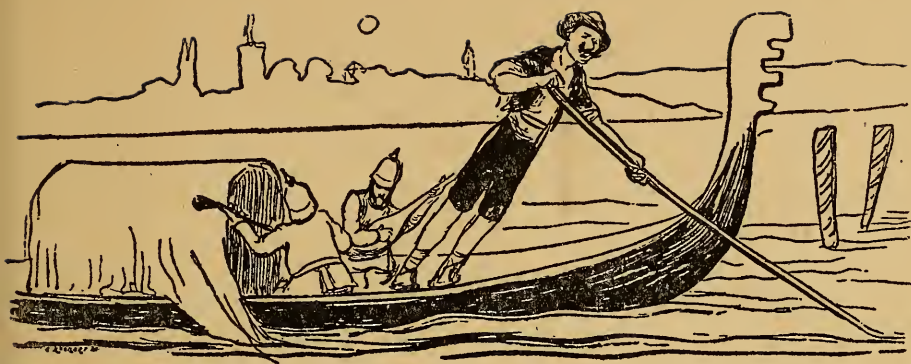
He is a good fellow and has done the best he could; but he was able to do but little. I am aware that he is short and I shall not prolong my sojourn in Venice.

Besides it is a misunderstood City; there is water everywhere; nothing is more unhealthy; and then it is out of style.

They gave me a ride in a gondola. I was careful to change to a uniform of Captain of Gondoliers in order not to be noticed. I observed that there were not many soldiers in the streets. They did not show me the barracks. On the other hand there are churches *en masse*. The food is not good: nevertheless the confectionery is better.

In the evening, illuminations; profusion of lanterns—Venetian—naturally. Still more gondolas; the people are tiresome with their perpetual boating; and, think of mobilising all that in time of war! Of course there was music; it appeared to rain mandolins. And that with fire-works! How much better it would be to keep their powder rather than to fire it at the pigeons!

I slept badly on the train. I am fatigued. I should like to return to the *Hohenzollern*



IN VENICE
(Uniform of Captain of Gondoliers)

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which is at anchor within sight of Venice. I must wait until all is finished. Is there nothing else to visit? No? Goodnight!

Humberto kisses me. I return it, and this will do for a few years. When they see me here again, it will be hot.

I gain the *Hohenzollern* and they raise the anchor.

October 20. At sea, on board the — yes, I have already said that.

What do I feel?

Always nothing!

This absence of impressions begins to disturb me.

October 21. I am not well.

October 22. We start again to navigate the Mediterranean! I have been sick for two days. Day before yesterday the Captain informed me that we should pass within sight of Greece.

I shall not land. This is not included in the itinerary.

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And then, I do not know how I should be received.

Furthermore, Mr. Cook says there is nothing curious to see there; only old, tumble-down temples, and ruined statues, and I am in a hurry to reach Constantinople. The two transports of tourists are following us.

I leave my cabin and go up to the bridge. Water everywhere! Immensity! I must collect my thoughts!

The assertion that the Mediterranean is blue is false; it is like other seas, a dirty green.

October 23. We arrive within sight of Asia—eternally Minor, and under the guardianship of Europe. The captain points out to me in the distance, what the Turks call in their picturesque language, the Dabar-Kader.

Mr. Cock informs me that we are in the Golden Horn; the sea is quiet; upon it the boats are floating “like matches without gulf or Bosphorus” said he wittily.

There is nothing curious about the Dar-



IN THE ARMS OF UMBERTO

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danelles. I do not understand why Occidental diplomacy is so interested concerning them.

Regarded from a distance, the city of Constantinople presents the very interesting aspect of a vegetable garden. The roofs are strangely shaped; there are round, oblong, bulbous, egg-shaped, pyriform and pointed ones. All that is practical in order to catch the rain water; it also appears that it rains more rarely in these warm countries than elsewhere; everything is explained!

Constantinople! Every one leaves the vessel. A small boat carries me to land. I look well in my uniform of a Lieutenant of an Andorra vessel. I leap lightly to the dock.

A personage comes to me.

"His Majesty William II perhaps?"

"The same. To whom have I the honor ——?"

"I am the Sultan here, Abdul-Hamid."

"Ah! Exactly!"

And with this dialogue our intimacy began.

The Sultan is a man of middle age and

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greatly resembles Naquet, the father of divorce. He is not handsome, but he appears very gentle and very much of a good fellow.

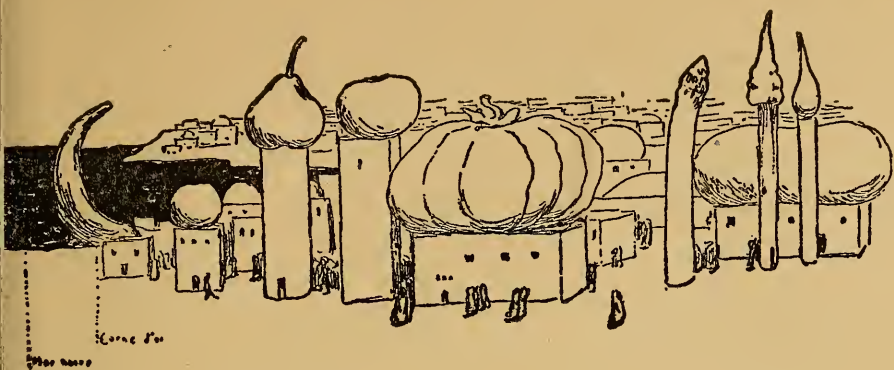
Besides, it seems that he is greatly loved at the palace yonder. Only as a matter of precaution he goes out but little, lives very much shut up.

The Sultan was dressed in an ordinary frock-coat, ordinary trousers and wore a fez; around his collar was a cravat of the Commander of the Faithful. You can hardly imagine the simplicity of the man. He said to me:

"My dear William, this is without ceremony; make yourself at home; we have done nothing special for you; now if you like they will show you to your room."

"Thanks."

They conducted me to a palace prepared for my reception. I have never seen anything so repulsive; that is to say, the Spanish inns are the acme of comfort compared with what they offered me. The sheets had not been changed for six months; spiders had Britanically spun their webs in the corners



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE
(Original Sketch by the Emperor)

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of the room; large patches of plaster had fallen from the ceiling and the floor yielded in places.

Certainly I am accustomed to the rude life of the camps. How many times in my Berlin palace has it happened that I have slept fully dressed in my bed. I am not effeminate, but truly I recoil in the face of the horror of these lodgings.

The Sultan asked me:

"Well, what do you think of it? Do I spoil you?"

"Yes, it is too beautiful for me!"

"No matter, I give you the best, I am not stingy."

"My modesty obliges me to refuse. I will sleep at the embassy; I prefer it."

"As you like."

At the embassy they arranged to give me a room; it is not luxurious but it is clean. I change my clothes, and it is in the costume of a Captain of Mounted Divers that I witness the naval review ordered in my honor.

The iron-clads of the Turkish navy are in an excellent state of preservation. Profiting

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by the example of European fleets, the Sultan does not risk his outside of the harbor, with the result that he has no occasion to dread the accidents which so often transform the iron-clads into submarines. Besides, this Turk has a don't-care-a-damn nonchalance quite Oriental which greatly aids him in the accomplishment of the delicate task of Sovereign.

And yet he is sufficiently practical; rather than keep his men-of-war idle, he utilizes them for popular emergencies. Thus he has transformed the iron-clad *Dreadful* into floating baths at the bottom of the sea, and during the hot weather he realises a handsome income from it. The first-class monitor *Catastrophe* is a public laundry boat where in consideration of a small fee the women of the city may wash their soiled linen *en famille*. The *Terrifier*, the only vessel that has a steam engine, furnishes the electric light for the palace. The big iron-clad, *Ravage* has been divided into a casino-jetty promenade where travelling troops give operettas, and the regular fre-

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quenters play baccara. As for the torpedo-boats, they rent them by the day to those of the leisured class who wish to take a sail.

This review of the Turkish fleet interested me greatly; there is much to be learned from their novel ideas. It was the Sultan himself who informed me, when I inquired as to the other iron-clad, the *Masacre*, that he had turned it over to the Salvation Army.

The dinner was not remarkable. I foresee that I shall have trouble with the food during my entire journey. I was placed beside my host; that man has no gift for conversation; he knows nothing of war matters; he is not interested in military questions; under such conditions the conversation languished fearfully. What can one do for the night?

Midnight. The Sultan had reserved for me an agreeable surprise. The last mouthful at dinner swallowed, he said to me:

“Guess what we are going to do, William?”

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"Set off fire-works, I hazard."

"No."

"Some music, then, perhaps?"

"No."

"A lively show?"

"Wrong again. They say you are a great hunter?"

"Decidedly, yes."

"Very well, we are going to shoot some Armenians from ambush. There are but few left and I have reserved them for you. You know it's great sport, very amusing. We wait until the beaters-up have made the game rise, and as soon as it attempts to escape we fire."

I have hunted a little everywhere. I have killed a little of everything but I was still ignorant of the Armenian hunt which is the favorite sport of the country. Abdul and I placed ourselves in ambush in the look-out. The guards released about a hundred head of Armenians and drove them in our direction. At the end of an hour we ceased firing.

On the field there were:



THE QUARRY
(Uniform of a Corporal of Tyrolian Hunters)

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25 old men

40 men

14 women

21 minors

Total 100

They arranged the quarry by the light of the torches; it was very picturesque. It appears that this game becomes more and more rare; that is what the Sultan confided to me with the bitterness of an old hunter who sees his favourite beast disappear. I had dressed myself for the occasion in the costume of a Brigadier of Tyrolian Hunters.

At supper Abdul and I talked with greater familiarity. We discussed diverse questions of internal politics, then we "talked shop." I maintained that the best way to make one beloved by a people is to amuse them with military parades, reviews, military exercises and military music. The Sultan does not share my opinion. He finds the best way to make himself respected and cherished is never to show himself. "I live

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in my kiosque, not through timidity, but because I do not care for society. I have simple tastes. And then there is an Arab proverb which says '*Do not allow them to eat out of thine hand or they will eat the hand.*'" And he disclosed to me the considerable rôle played by hemp and poisonous substances in the Ottoman Dynasty.

I have already found that the work of an Emperor is not so joyful that one should complicate it with suspicion; one might as well resign at once.

At dessert, rendered a little lively by the repast taken at my hotel, I inquired, "Could one see the ladies?" He replied that they had retired, and promised to show them to me the next day. This was unfortunate as I felt in an amiable mood.

I write these notes and go to bed.

October 24. As I awakened, the Sultan sent me the brevet of Corporal of Turkish Infantry. By chance, I had brought the costume; I put it on; Abdul informs me that they are going to have a review in my



ESCORT OF HONOR

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honour. At last I shall have some distraction.

4 o'clock. I return; the review did not satisfy me; the men manœuvred like firemen.

They began by presenting me to the Generals of the Turkish army, Schleifmann-Pasha, Von der Wurst-Pasha, Hans Brauwer-Effendi, Sidi-Kobus-Bey, Toumeh-Pasha, etc. They speak the German language quite purely and without accent.

Then the march began; I noticed at first that the uniform of each regiment was not uniform; thus certain ones in the same company have European pantaloons, others Turkish pantaloons, others none at all. I admit that it is fantastic but hardly fitting in such degree.

Same variety of head-dress; the one who prefers a helmet puts on a helmet, the one who likes a fez wears a fez; there are even those who wear bicycle-caps which is surely not according to the ordinance.

The armament is but slightly more homogeneous; every model of gun is found in the

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hands of Ottoman soldiers. I asked the Sultan if this was premeditated in order to have, in case of war, different sorts of experiences; he replied that the state of his finances did not permit of his having another armament. From the moment it appeared to be unpremeditated it was no longer of interest to me.

The troops gave evidence of great individual initiative as each soldier marched at a pace which suited him; it resulted in a slight disorder in the parade. I shall characterize in a phrase the Turkish army; *it lacks organization*. Abdul-Hamid assured me that that was for the best. "I have also," added he, "excellent means for making the men fight well; I never pay them. They have to conquer forcibly."

This confidence opens the horizon to me. Perhaps the Sultan is finally right. "If one has the strength of a lion to defend one's property, one has that of a tiger to take the property of others!" as says the proverb, which I am pleased to believe to be Persian.

This evening, private dinner at the Ildiz-



A LITTLE "PORK" ON THE SIDE

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Kiosk. We are again going to eat their vile preserves à la rose; I am sick at the stomach in advance.

Midnight. Ah! Ah! — I return from — but let us not anticipate.

We dined. Naquet — I mean, Abdul-Hamid has the slovenly habit of having each dish tasted by his officers. In answer to my inquiry, he informed me that he took this precaution in order not to be poisoned. Such things cut the appetite as with a razor. When I return to the embassy I will have them serve me a supper.

At dessert, as we were in a sprightly humour, Abdul said to me:

“Come, admit it!”

“What?”

“Confess that you are burning with curiosity!”

“Curiosity for what?”

“To see my harem, by Mahomet!”

I had an austere youth; rarely was it permitted me to see the creatures whose sole mission it is to bring a little happiness to men in exchange for worldly goods. Mo-

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polygamy seems to me to be very much out of date and I regret not being able to substitute for it a well regulated polygamy; furthermore nearly all superior men are polygamous;—at least clandestinely.

The offer of the Sultan made my mouth water. It did not appear to me incompatible with my Divine Mission that I should go to admire the works of the Most High in that in which they are most perfect. I responded.

“Show me the way and I am yours!”

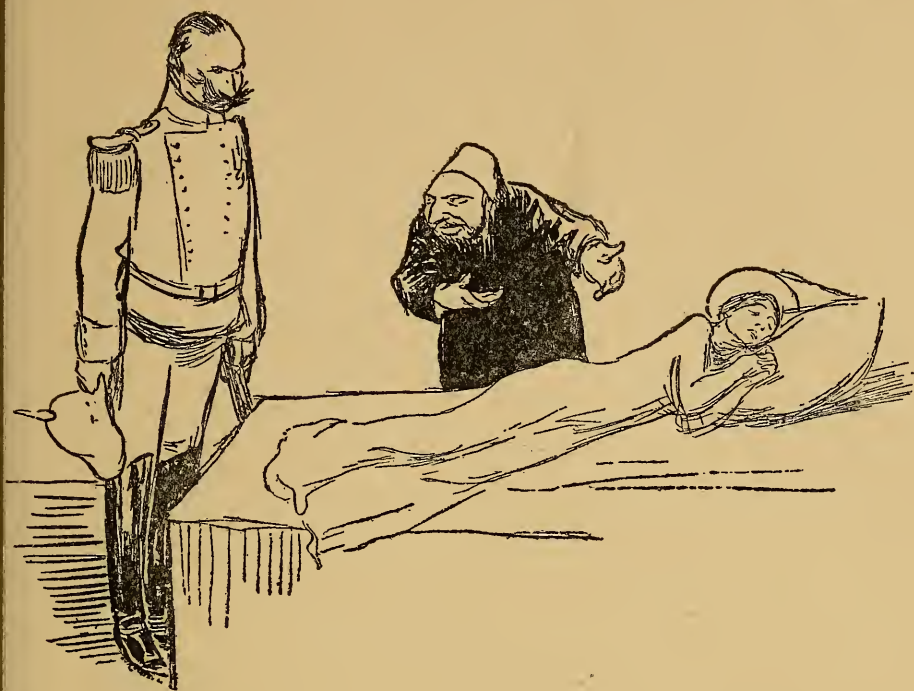
“No; the ladies must first be warned.”

“On the contrary let us surprise them.”

“I will not do that.”

I requested a few moments to change my costume, and I dressed myself as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Eunuchs of His Majesty; nevertheless I retained my moustaches.

After many turnings in the seraglio (as I had not been brought up there I did not know the turns) we stopped in front of a little door guarded by black eunuchs; the black eunuchs are distinguished from the



THE SLEEP OF THE VIRGIN

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white eunuchs only by the colour of their skin. They allowed us to pass.

Abdul, who preceded me, opened the door, and I heard the women's voices crying, "Oh! Oh! Here is the Master!"

"Silence within! I have some one with me!"

When I entered in my turn, the women exclaimed to one another:

"Look! A new one!"

"He has a good face!"

"Come on, we won't eat you!"

I was greatly embarrassed; to my natural awkwardness was added an awkwardness intensified still more by my ignorance of the place where I found myself.

The room was square, furnished with a divan which extended the length of the walls; above the divan was a profusion of mirrors. Upon the cushions sat a number of women very lightly clothed; every country was represented; I even noticed a negress,—how refined these Orientals are!

They invited me to be seated upon the divan and they presented me successively to all the women; there are three hundred of

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them, not one less. Of course there are plain ones as well as handsome ones; but the beauties are in the majority. The women grow stout very quickly, for they take but little exercise. Nevertheless I do not dislike that.

Their names are very elegant and very poetic, Flora, Carmen, Mascotte, Julia, Sonia, Camelia, Lelia, etc., etc. The names of birds are also frequently met. Mesange, Famette, and the names of flowers, Violette, Reseda. It is an old Oriental custom to so christen every now pensioner.

The introductions finished, I judged it proper to order a few bottles of wine to regale these amiable persons; on their part, they stuffed my pockets with mild cigarettes and sugar cakes.

Then upon the order of the Master, many of the women began to dance a national dance, very curious and voluptuous; meanwhile, other women sang characteristic songs. They call it the *danse du ventre*. Decidedly one learns in travelling.

In the long run the spectacle acts upon the nervous system. I was in a state of

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comatose happiness, when one of the women who had not danced approached me. . . .

Here the recital of the Emperor is interrupted; there is about a half page where the writing has been carefully scratched out; there can be distinguished here and there a few words, such as "happiness," "delightful," "chandelier," "present"—but it is impossible to make out to what these words relate and how they should be put together. The experts we have consulted do not agree. There is reason to believe that the guest of the Sultan feared he would lose his note book filled with too precise recollections. We shall not try to open a Judas in the wall of his private life. The recital of the Emperor continues on another page.

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October 25. In order to express my thanks to my amiable companion I have sent him the brevet and insignia of Captain of Pomeranian Grenadiers. My word, but these little presents maintain friendship; I do not regret what I have done. I am entirely satisfied with my evening; this morning I awakened somewhat fagged, but it will soon pass.

Abdul Hamid insists that I visit his capitol. (It is the turn of the proprietor) I cannot escape; they are all the same, they must show me their monuments. I have as many at their services, at home.

Here the mosques are plentiful; they are very tiresome. Before entering, one must remove one's shoes and go in barefoot. My host very kindly offered to help me remove mine; I visited then St. Sophia, shoeless. Islamism is a religion of vagabonds. They took me everywhere, then they authorised me to put on my shoes and leave.

There were other curiosities; I should have preferred to return to the harem, but



AT THE DOOR OF SAINT-SOPHIA

The All Highest

Abdul Hamid would not listen to it. I did not insist.

October 26. It is ended; I must leave. My Divine Mission demands it. I am the Messiah who comes to renew the chain of mystic traditions. It is a question of being serious. I decided to resume my route toward Jerusalem. Besides Mr. Cook is becoming impatient. At the moment of leaving, Abdul-Hamid loaded me with presents; he gave me things of which the commercial value is almost nothing, but the historic value is unrivalled:

A hair from the Prophet's beard
A stone from the great mosque of Mecca
A bone from Mahomet's horse
A pair of slippers
A pair of fez
A worn-out marghile which came from
his Uncle
A dozen seals of Mammam
A sabre of the National guard
The Osman cross
Some nugat

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Finally, just as I was about to embark, he presented me with a little harbour on the side. I thanked him profusely. He inquired:

"Are you satisfied with your sojourn at the Porte?"

"I could not be more so."

"You have not been bored?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then you will return?"

"Have no fear about that! The next time I will come without being invited!"

This promise did not seem to give him enormous pleasure. I kissed the Sultan and went on board my vessel. En route!

The same evening I went ashore at Kaiffa. Attention!

October 27. The reception at Kaiffa has been most cordial; there are not many people in this country. I took a carriage; we left for Cesara. At night we slept in the open air, under the star, which guided the Wise Men of the East.

It is interesting but the farther I pro-



AU REVOIR, SULTAN, I SHALL RETURN WITHOUT BEING INVITED

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ceed, the more the object of this journey seems vague.

October 28. From Cesara to Jaffa. Continually by carriage. Few people out to see us pass. This evening as I noticed signs of demoralization in my troop I organised a dramatic entertainment. They gave charades in the open air, and I gave a lecture, not without some success. Subject, *Would the Messiah have succeeded more quickly if he had had an army with him?*

October 29. From Jaffa to Latrun. We draw near. The trip was made on horseback. I prefer that. The scenery varies but little; however I thought of all the important things that had happened in this region; I gather up my confused recollections. I am in the country of Sacred History; it lacks comfort. I understand why the Jews are not in a hurry to restore Jerusalem. The country is worth nothing. But when one is a Sovereign, one must have seen the Holy Land, the cradle of our bankers.

The All Highest

To-morrow I shall enter Zion. Mr. Cook assures me that everything is prepared; he has looked after the preparations himself. I handed him a military march that I composed on the way; it is very original; I found the principal theme between Kaïffa and Jaffa. I desire that the march be executed with music as I enter the City.

Mr. Cook tried it immediately upon his travelling accordion; he finds that it strikingly recalls the great composers, the Wagner of *Parsifal*, the Mendelssohn of *Songe*, the Gounod of *Faust*, the Meyerbeer of the *Prophet*, and even the Strauss of the *Blue Danube*. Upon my word, that Englishman has good taste.

I awakened during the night; I went to one of the wells; I did not meet a Samaritan woman. It was a pity. I returned to the tent and began a composition which represents *Lohengrin going to receive Mahomet's kiss*. I can say positively that I have never composed anything finer.

I do not pride myself on being a universal man; but I find that a Sovereign should be skilful with his hands. Louis



LOHENGRIN RECEIVING MAHOMET'S KISS

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XVI was only a locksmith, and it was that which made him lose. As for me, I embrace everything!

Nevertheless it is a great pity that I did not meet a Samaritan woman. Mr. Cook should have looked out for it!

October 30. Midnight. I return broken with fatigue. What a never-to-be-forgotten day!

We arrived at Jerusalem toward three o'clock. I immediately dismounted from my horse and ordered an ass. I wished to make my entrance like Him!

I might have put on a white tunic, but my journey would have lost all significance; it was with a helmet on my head that I entered the City of Judea!

The procession was organised; I first, all alone, at the head, then the music, then Mr. Cook; then my retinue, then the tourists.

As we proceeded, they waved great palms and threw flowers at us. At first the donkey refused to advance; that animal was not aware of the rôle he was playing; he tried to escape from the honour of carrying

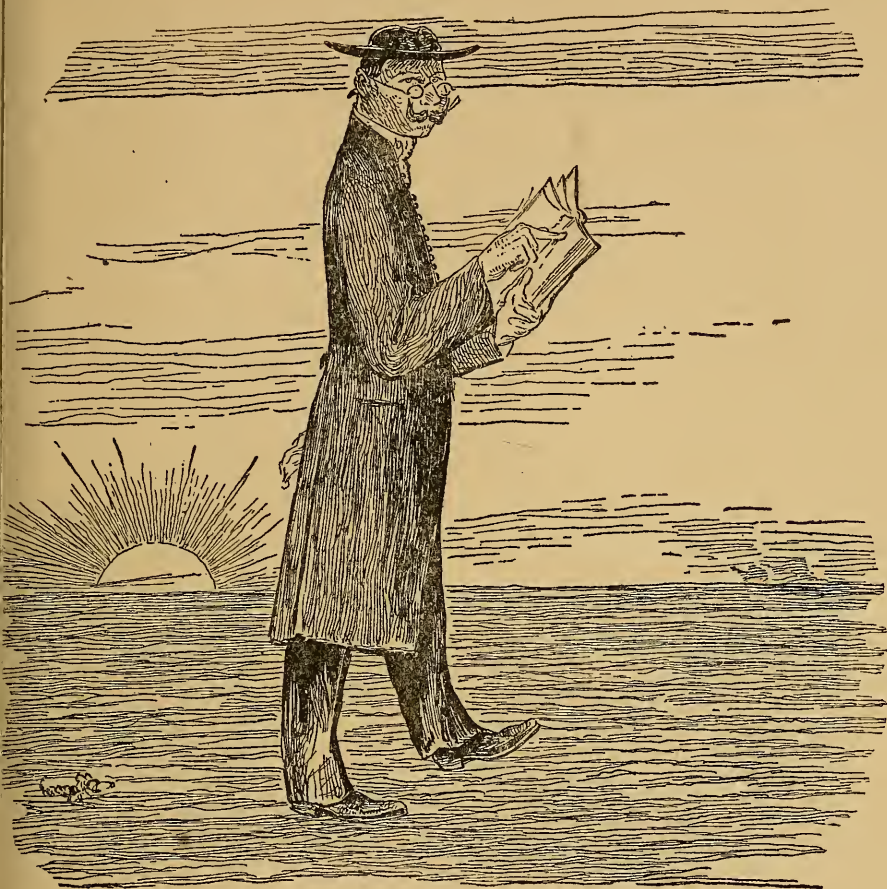
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me. Fortunately I am a good horseman; when we reached the Jaffa gate, the music started up, and the frightened animal took the bit in his teeth; my entrance almost miscarried.

What my pride as a scene-setter suffered during the few minutes of the gallop of that ass no one will ever know. I finally mastered the ass which in the end became accustomed to the sound of the big drum; I listened to my music, really it is not bad; it is music with melody, and not the satanic modern music, learned and wearisome. We started to march, the ass missed the step.

The ceremony was so imposing that an astonished child shouted, "Hoorah! here is a circus!" This naïve exhibition of admiration went straight to my heart.

We advanced slowly, banners waving, under the sun. I was very warm. The shouts did not cease; evidently, other than the Agency tourists, there were not many present; Jerusalem is not a very populous city. Notwithstanding one meets so few Israelites, anti-semiticism is, so to speak, un-



THE SERMON IN THE DESERT
(Uniform of an Officiating Minister)

The All Highest

known. The best society of the city received me with enthusiasm.

In the midst of the ceremony, I dismounted, as the ass announced his intention of rolling on the ground; and I felt that no consideration, political or religious, would prevent him. I preferred to get off.

I proceeded to the Sepulchre; it is the classic itinerary. They greatly exaggerate the importance of these places. Nevertheless a Sovereign who visits a tomb produces a great impression. I returned, with music leading, to the house they had procured for me; in the evening illuminations. The installation is defective; the fare is mediocre, feeble even. At heart, I begin to regret my home. What did I come here to do?

October 31. I announced a trip to Bethlehem to be followed by a sermon in my own style. I do not know but that this was a mistake as no one followed me.

It is from Bethlehem that the custom came of placing shoes in the chimney Christmas eve; it must be a curious custom

The All Highest

as there are no chimneys and no shoes to speak of.

I asked to see the famous stable; they showed it to me, or rather the first one at hand. For want of preservation the veritable stable has disappeared. Always the lack of organisation.

Upon my return I was entirely alone. I had prepared an allocution which greatly appealed to me. I was reduced to delivering it in the desert. Bah! I am not the first one to whom that has happened. I delivered the *sermon on the plain*.

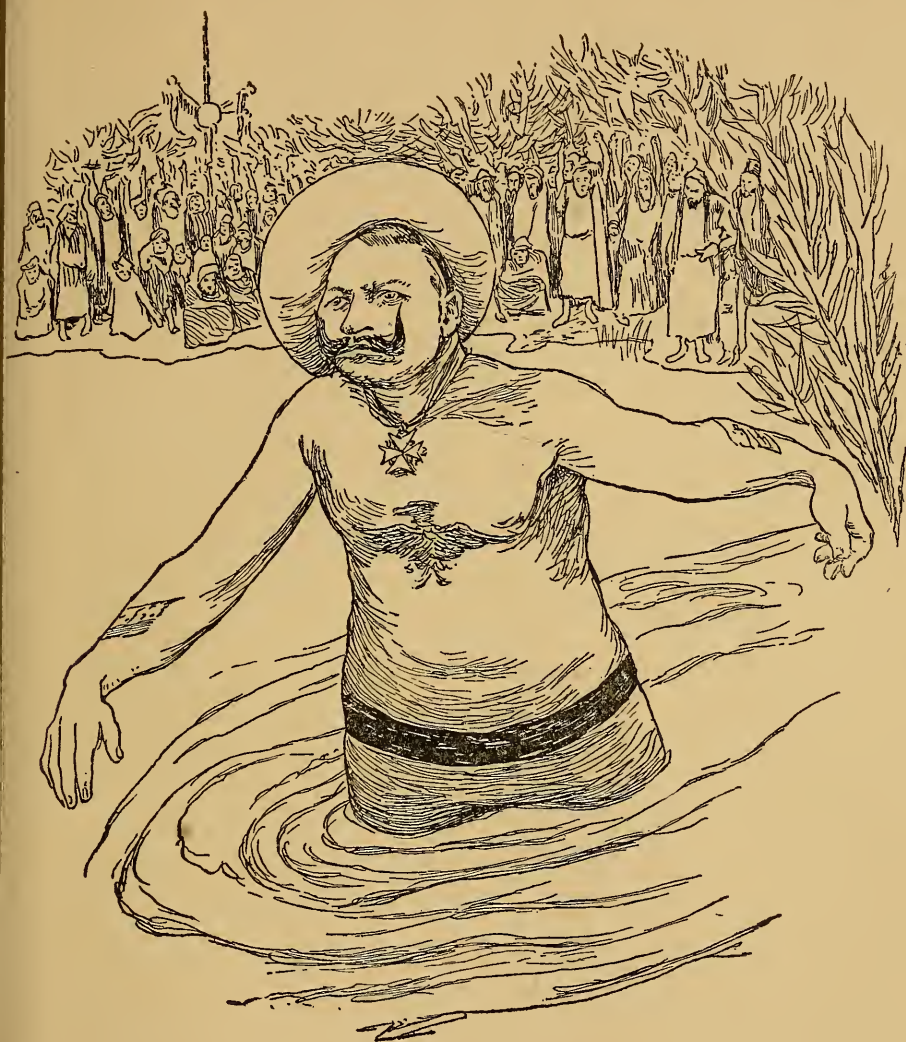
I have a fine talent for speaking. I not only *strike* my hearers, I *move* them.

And I had the pleasure of converting myself after having moved myself to tears. That conversion does me honour.

I wore for the occasion the frock-coat of an officiating minister.

The heat is overpowering.

November 1. I have consecrated a temple; the architecture I designed myself; for I am an architect; I said to the people here, "Destroy the temple and I will re-



THE COLD BATH IN THE JORDAN
(Uniform of a Corporal of Divers)

The All Highest

build it for you in three days!" They believed that I spoke figuratively. I am rather clever in the architect's art; furthermore one does not have to be a magician; one has only to draw the lines. If I had the time and money I would pass my time in building.

The heat is unbearable; upon my word. I could stand it no longer; I decided to take a bath in the Jordan. I was in the costume of —— no, in fact, I wore a simple pair of bathing drawers. I entered the Jordan, swimming. I did not go as far as the Dead Sea; enough of sad things! The inhabitants are decidedly stupid! They have a sea and they allow it to die!

The bath set me up a little! I tried to walk on the water; it is very difficult; I haven't the secret, I must try it in the Winter in Berlin, when it freezes; I shall think the matter over.

At Jericho, Mr. Cook had arranged an "incident" which will, I hope, produce a lively impression. As I was proceeding to my camp, I was accosted in the public place by a cripple, wrapped in unclean linen.

The All Highest

"Charity, my Prince!"

"I have no money," I replied.

"I am sick."

"Ah! I have a little medical knowledge; I will cure you. From what do you suffer?"

"I have leprosy!"

I made a motion to step back. Fortunately Mr. Cook nudged me; I understood.

"Man, what dost thou desire?"

"Only touch my sores and I shall be healed."

"It shall be done according to thy desire."

I touched his sores. The man arose, and standing, appeared perfectly healthy. I cured in the same manner a legless man sitting in a bowl and a one-armed person.

The tourists were astonished.

Starting from this moment, I was assailed by a crowd of sick people, not arranged for by Mr. Cook, who wanted me to touch their sores. I made my escape.

The repasts are not substantial! I would like to shorten my journey. I have seen enough!



RESURRECTION OF THE LEPER
(Uniform of a Surgeon of the Salvation Army)

The All Highest

Mr. Cook, to whom I said a word upon the subject is opposed; according to our contract, I shall not be free until November 16 at Alexandria! Until then I am his property. He reports to me that the tourists are enchanted and that they would become furious if I should refuse to keep my engagements. He showed me a poster he had printed.

*In a short time
Emperor William II
Will accomplish
The Ascension*

“And how?”

“In a balloon; it is in the baggage; they are going to fill it at once.”

“I will not lend myself to that!”

“Come! Come! Is not Your Majesty an aeronaut?”

Mr. Cook knows how to touch me on my weak point. After all, why should I not be an aeronaut? *Quo non ascendam?* —To what heights can I not mount?

The All Highest

November 2. All through Jericho we passed these posters.

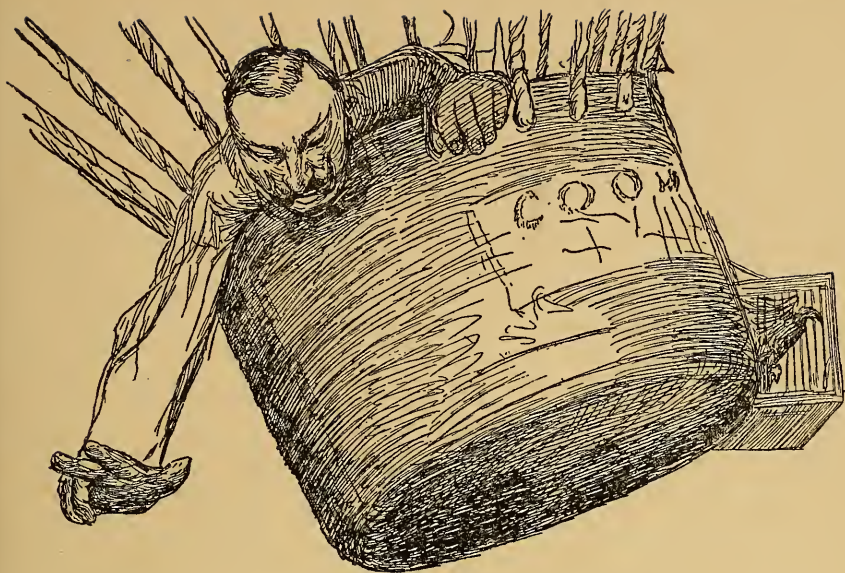
*To Day
The New Messiah
Will effect an Ascension
In the Balloon
"The Never to be Forgotten Grandfather"
Departure at 3 o'clock sharp*

Since the accident happened to the ramparts which fell because they played the trumpet sideways, military music has been forbidden in the suburbs and in the city! Mr. Cook was obliged to impose silence on his fanfare.

At three o'clock precisely I climbed into the car of the balloon. Let go!

I rose majestically in the midst of acclamations. At sunset the *Never to be Forgotten Grandfather* deposited me in the outskirts of Jerusalem. I know now the movements of a balloon; O Natar! It is as simple as happiness.

November 3. It is a fortnight since I started. I have had no news from home.



THE ASCENSION

The All Highest

What is happening there? I begin to be anxious. This evening I shall have a decisive interview with Mr. Cook.

In order to begin the day I proceeded to the Monastery of Marsabat.

A Monastery is a sort of barracks for Monks.

The Monks of Marsabat exercise the same functions as other monks in other countries; they do nothing except pray from morning until night; they have different prayers for each hour of the day.

They are well built men; they would make a fine regiment; I passed them in review.

I dressed myself for the ceremony in the habit of the Superior of Carmelites.

They manœuvred in front of me; I asked them to sing the *Hymn to Aegir*: they acquitted themselves well. Then they marched off; I took luncheon at their table. It is an error to boast of the ordinary monastic fare; they only had vegetables cooked in water.

At dessert I made a speech and explained to the monks how they ought to serve the

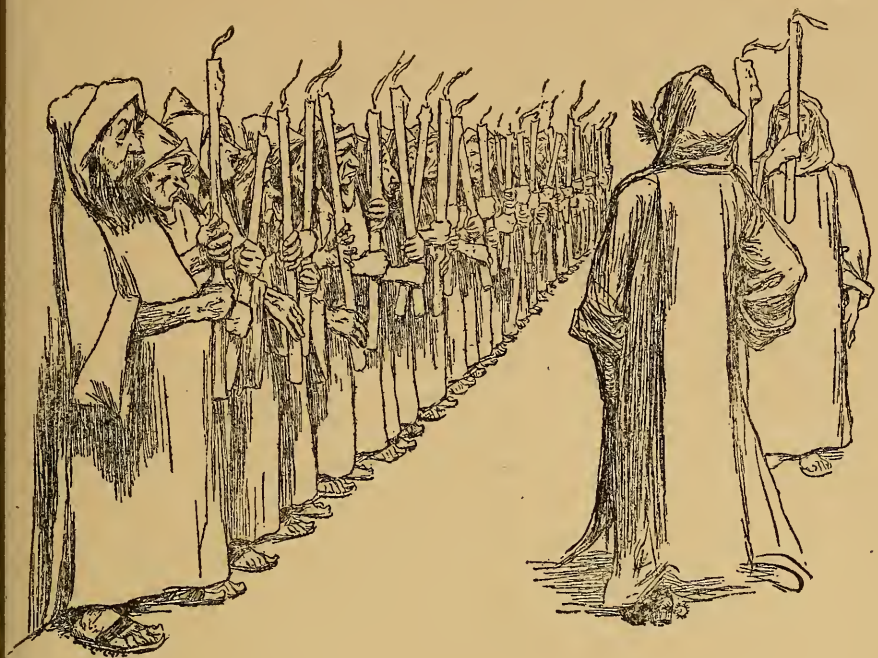
The All Highest

Lord. I have my own ideas upon the subject of religion. I next sketched in bold strokes my Divine Mission. They listened to me in perfect silence.

When I finished, the Superior advised me to renounce the world and devote myself to preaching. Why not? My predecessor Charles the Fifth entered into orders toward the end of his life. I promised the Superior to return in forty years. Until then!——

As I regained my general quarters I met the reporters. These pests are everywhere; they hang to my skirts all the time, and I cannot take a hundred steps without being photographed or cinematographed in every position. Yet if they would only write the exact story! But they are as malevolent as pleasure. I would like to teach them their business.

For I am somewhat of a journalist; as *The Cologne Gazette* needed a correspondent in Palestine, I made a secret contract with the Directory, and every evening I send a detailed letter concerning my doings and movements for the day.



REVIEW OF A MONASTERY.
(Uniform of a Carmelite Superior)

The All Highest

"The Emperor was received in Jericho amid acclamations of an enthusiastic crowd, etc."

Sometimes I criticise myself a little—respectfully, of course, and, strange as it may seem, I keep account of my observations.

The heat is terrible; they could cook here with but little fire; I cannot stand it.

I demanded the presence of Mr. Cook, and I said to him:

"Sir, and dear Barnum, I have a serious communication to make to you."

"A change in the itinerary, I'll wager?"

"Just so!"

"You wish to stay longer in Egypt?"

"On the contrary, I wish to return, I have seen enough."

"But our contract?"

"Listen, this is not living; for two weeks we have trotted over by-ways and roads; we have tried every means of locomotion; railroad, gondola, *Hohenzollern*, skiff, carriages, camels, ass, balloon, horseback, palanquin! My teeth are on edge."

The All Highest

"Very possible, but I have paid you the price agreed upon; you will go to the end."

"It is beyond my strength, Mr. Cook. Think of it, a Sovereign cannot perform such work. Monsieur Felix Faure himself could not do it."

"Come, come! He went to Russia."

"He returned in a week; I have the record myself; I have stood it a fortnight. My Divine Mission is accomplished so far as the Orient is concerned."

"And our tourists? They will demand their money back."

"No, we will find a pretext; I shall not shout aloud that I suffer from the heat and that I am bored. My prestige would decline. I will give a diplomatic reason; furthermore, Egypt is not very interesting. Yes. I know, the pyramids, forty centuries, the Sphinx, the Suez Canal! There are too many English here."

"Since Your Majesty requests it, we will return. But we shall have litigation."

"That's an idea! I have never tried the legal profession."

"To-morrow, *en route*."



THESE PESTS, REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARE EVERYWHERE

The All Highest

November 4. We started.

November 6. On board the *Hohenzollern*. I recapitulate my journey.

It has not been a journey for study, since I have seen nothing interesting or worth the trouble of changing one's habits.

It was not undertaken as a favour to any one.

What was the object of my travelling to the Orient?

The chancelleries are in a flutter; they suppose there are secret treaties, *ententes*, a struggle for influence; they edit the communications, they make a great display of systems, they foresee new politics. My return is the subject of anxious commentaries; and as always, it suffices for me to give the real reason in order that they disregard it.

It is of no consequence; I shall always remember the evening in the harem, yonder. That only prevents me from regretting my journey.

A few days later. Here I am, reinstalled; nothing unpleasant has happened

The All Highest

during my absence; everything goes marvellously well.

And, at heart, I cannot help being troubled: was it not a mistake to demonstrate to my people by an absence of three weeks, that I am not indispensable to the happiness of my subjects and to the operation of public affairs?

And worse still, I find a letter from the Sultan who announces his visit for next year!

Oh! No, not if I know it!

The travel notes of the Emperor of Germany stop here. William II has not even added The Flight into Egypt.



"AS IT WAS VERY HEAVY, THEY TOOK TURNS IN CARRYING IT."
FLAUBERT, *Herodias*.





THE ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM

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